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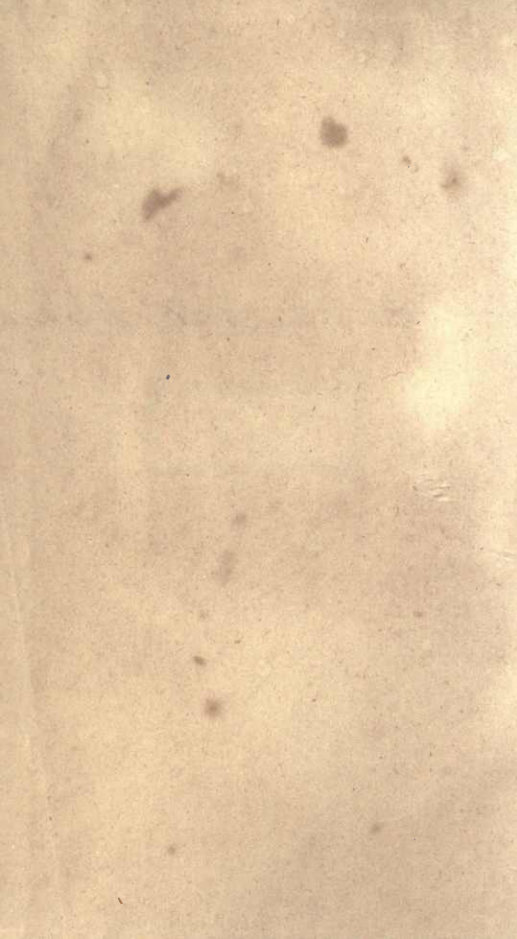
CHILDREN'S BOOK
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EDWARD AND MARY



AND OTHERS



FRONTISPIECE.

EDWARD AND MARY:

DESIGNED TO ILLUSTRATE

THE NATURE AND EFFECTS

OF

TRUE LOVE TO GOD.

*Written for the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, and
approved by the Committee of Publication.*

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EDWARD AND MARY.

EDWARD AND MARY GREEN were the children of parents residing in a delightful country village. Their home was a pleasant one, the abode of kindness and love. Their dwelling was within sound of the church-going bell. Every Sabbath they were permitted to enter the house of God, and listen to the message sent to them by his ambassadors, and sit down in the Sabbath school class to be instructed in the truths of his Holy Word. But more than this, their parents were of the number of those who fear God and keep his commandments, and they literally obeyed the injunction to teach them diligently unto their children, and talk of them when they

sat in their house, and when they walked by the way, when they laid down and when they rose up; not giving religious instruction so much by formal discourses upon the subject, as by embracing every opportunity to impart some moral lesson, or make a favorable moral impression upon the heart. As the children of God they also plead in behalf of their children his precious covenant promise, "I will be a God unto thee and thy seed after thee." They were deeply sensible that their instructions alone could never make their children good—that by nature they were no better than others—but possessed hearts alienated from God and opposed to his holy law, which a religious education had, in itself, no power to change. But they remembered Him who had said, "I will pour my spirit upon thy seed and my blessings upon thy offspring." They knew it was their work to sow the seeds of truth in their young and tender minds, trusting it to their Heavenly Father to water it with

the showers of his grace. Edward and Mary were indeed highly favored to be permitted to enter upon their probation for eternity under such circumstances. They might have looked upon thousands of children less favored, and exclaimed, "Our lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage." But perhaps they did not think of these things. Many children similarly situated seldom or never think seriously of the blessings they enjoy; and alas! many neglect to improve their privileges, and thus bring upon themselves a condemnation far more dreadful than if they had never enjoyed them. Edward and Mary's kind mother instructed them, at a very early age, about God. If they admired the sweet flowers, and the birds with their beautiful plumage, they were told that God made them all; and that he who had given them so many blessings, and made so many beautiful things for them to admire and enjoy, must himself be very great, kind, and good, and

worthy of their most ardent love. She also at an early age told them of the Saviour, and that he came to this world to be the friend of little children and to bless them. Their mother did not expect when they were very young that they would understand and feel their need of him as sinners; but she wished the conception of their Saviour as their greatest and best friend, who came to this world to do them good, should be among the earliest impressions made upon their young and tender minds; for she well knew they possessed sinful natures, and as they grew older could not be saved unless they believed in and loved this precious Saviour of sinners. They were also instructed to pray, night and morning, to their Father in heaven for his protection and blessing. They were taught to keep the Sabbath holy and lay aside their toys and playthings on Saturday night. This they were generally very ready to do. But one week Mary received a present from her uncle

James of a nice large doll. With this present she was greatly delighted, and it was seldom out of her hands during the hours she was permitted to play with it. When Saturday night came, her mother called her and said :—

“ Mary, it is time now that you lay aside your doll until next Monday morning.”

“ But, mother, I do not want to put away my beautiful doll and not see it again all the long time till Monday morning.”

“ But, my dear, you do not wish to play with your doll on God’s holy day ?”

Mary hesitated, and then, looking up to her mother, said, “ But, mother, I do almost wish it was not Sabbath day tomorrow. I want to play with my doll one day more ; I have had it but two days you know.”

Her mother was silent for a moment and then said, “ Mary, do you remember those fine cherries Mr. D. gave you, one morning last week ?”

“ Yes, mother.”

“How came you to give half of them to your mother? Do you not love cherries?”

“Why yes, mother.”

“And you would have liked more than Mr. D. gave you, would you not?”

“Yes, mother, I should.”

“Then what induced you to give half of them to me?”

Mary considered awhile—for it seemed so natural that she should give a part of her cherries to her dear mother—yet she did not know exactly how to express the feeling or motive which prompted her to do so. At length she said, “Why, mother, I suppose it was because I love you so, and you are so kind to me, that I had much rather give a part of them to you than to eat them all myself.”

“Well, my dear,” said her mother, “I suppose that was the reason; but, Mary, the great God who has given you the Sabbath day and commanded you to keep it holy, has done a great deal more for you than your mother ever did. He gives you your father,

and mother, and every thing else you enjoy. You were willing to give your mother *half* your cherries, because you love her, and she is kind to you; and are you unwilling to leave your play *one day in seven* when God, who commands you to do so, has kindly allowed you six days during which you may play and amuse yourself as much as you like with all the beautiful things he has given you to enjoy?"

Mary slid down from her mother's lap, and bounding away to the drawer, where she kept her doll, laid it carefully down, saying, "There, dolly, you may lay there until Monday morning; for I do not want to play with you on God's holy day." Then she came back to her mother with a smiling face and said, "Now mother I do not want to see my new doll again until Monday morning."

Mary came to her mother one day and said, "Mother, you say we ought to love God; but I do not see how we can love him."

"Why, my child?"

"Because we have never seen him, and how can I love one I have never seen."

"I am busy now, my child," said her mother, "but I will talk with you about it another time."

About an hour after this, Mary went into her mother's room and found her preparing to write a letter.

"Oh, mother," said she, "who are you going to write to? But I think I know. You are going to write to uncle James are you not, mother?"

"Yes, my dear, I am."

"You will send *my love* to uncle James, won't you, mother?"

"Why, my dear, what reason have I to think you love your uncle James?" said her mother looking very earnestly at her.

"Why, mother, you *know* I love uncle James" said Mary in a tone of voice that indicated not a little surprise at her mother's question.

"My dear, you have never *seen* your

uncle James, and how can it be that you love him?"

"But, mother, I do love uncle James, if I never have seen him, for he has sent Edward and me so many beautiful presents and I have heard you talk about him so much, how can I help loving him?"

"Very true; but it is not more than an hour, Mary, since you told me you could not love God because you had never seen him. So I supposed you thought it quite impossible to love any one you had never seen."

"But you know, mother, uncle James writes us letters, and he sent me my doll and my tea-set and a great many things beside."

"Yes, my child, I know it, and I do not wonder at all that you love your uncle James—I should think it very strange if you did not love him—but I know too that your Father in heaven is making you presents every day. He gives you all your blessings and every thing you enjoy—you have also heard your mother speak of him

and tell you of his greatness and goodness very often. He too has written you a letter—the precious Bible is his letter to you, my dear child—in that book he tells you all about himself—how great and good he is and how worthy of your best love; there, too, he has promised you his favor and blessing if you will love and obey him. Why then, my child, should you not love him?”

Mary listened to all her mother said, and was now quite convinced that she had no good reason for not loving God.

“Suppose, Mary,” said her mother, “that I had asked you if you wished to send your love to your uncle James, and you had replied, ‘No, mother, I don’t love him,’ and when I reminded you of all his kindness, his letters and presents, you had only answered, ‘But, mother, I don’t love him, for I never have seen him.’”

“Oh! mother, I should have been an ungrateful and wicked girl,” said Mary, while the tears filled her eyes at the

thought of treating her uncle James in this manner.

“True, my child; but what will you be if you refuse to love God, who, as the Bible beautifully expresses it, ‘daily loadeth us with benefits.’ When you see the books and toys your uncle James has sent you, do they not often remind you of him?”

“Yes, mother, very often. I think of him almost every day when I play with my doll or read in the books he has sent me.”

“Well, my dear, in the same manner the blessings you receive from your Father in heaven should daily remind you of *him*. When you awake in the morning and find yourself well and happy, it should put you in mind of him who has kept you through all the hours of the night when you could not keep yourself. Did you ever think, Mary,” continued her mother, “how much happiness you enjoy every day from seeing your friends and all the pleasant objects around you?”

“No, mother.”

“Well, now just suppose that for one day you could not see at all, but it was dark all the time as when you open your eyes in the night. You could only hear the voices of your father and mother and Edward, but could not see them. Edward would be obliged to lead you about, and when you went with him into the garden and meadow, you could not see the birds or the flowers or the beautiful carpet of green grass.”

“Oh! mother, how dreadful it would be.”

“It would indeed, my child; but some children *are born* blind. It is God who has given you your sight, and then has given you so many beautiful things to see; and when you see them they should often remind you of God, and your obligations to love him and be grateful to him for all his mercies.”

After this conversation Mary resolved that she would love God more; but she did not feel as much grieved at the thought of

not loving him, as she did at the thought of not loving her uncle James, and she wondered what was the reason. She had not learned to understand the true reason which the Bible gives ; that it was because she possessed that carnal mind which is enmity against God. We are always grieved at the thought of treating any one whom we truly love with ingratitude—and it was because Mary did not truly love God that she felt no more pain at the thought of treating him with ingratitude—but Mary was ready to think she loved God ; she dearly loved the approbation of her friends, and would take much pains to do right that she might secure it, and when she had done so she was ready to think it was because she loved God and loved to do right.

“Mother,” said Edward one day, as he and Mary were sitting by their mother, “how do we *know* there is any God ?”

“Why, my son, what has led you to ask this question ?”

"Because, mother, James L. said to-day that he did not believe there was any God. He said his father did not believe in any such being."

"Did he say this to you, Edward?"

"Yes, mother."

"What reply did you make?"

"I told him I knew there was a God. Then he asked me *how* I knew it. I did not know what reply to make; but I was spared the trouble of finding an answer, for just then the bell rung for us to go into school."

"Mother," said Mary, "I did not know there were any people in the world who do not believe there is a God."

"Yes, my dear, there are some such people, at least there are some who say they do not believe there is a God. As Edward it would seem is coming in contact with some such persons, it is time he should be able to tell how he knows there is a God. Suppose, Edward, you with several others were to go on a pleasure excursion upon

the water, and after being out a short time you should discover a small island a short distance from the main land, apparently uninhabited and covered with trees. You conclude to go on shore and examine it. After proceeding a short distance you discover that a clearing has been made on one side of the island; the trees have been cut down and a beautiful house erected and a fine garden neatly laid out. You approach the house and find it closed and apparently unoccupied. 'Well,' you exclaim, 'it seems somebody lives or has lived here; I wonder where are the owners of this beautiful residence.' 'Oh no,' replies one of your companions, 'there is no evidence that any one has ever lived here; more than that, I do not see any evidence that any one has ever been here before us; we are probably the first persons that ever visited the Island.' 'Are you beside yourself,' you exclaim, 'to talk in this way? Don't you see this elegant house which has been erected and the garden so neatly laid

out? See, too, those neat and convenient out-buildings, and that fine orchard of fruit trees, just beyond. Who do you suppose has done all this, if we are the first persons who ever came upon the island?' 'Oh, I suppose,' he replies, 'that the house and garden happened by chance to grow here instead of trees and bushes. You see there is not any human being upon the island, and therefore we have no evidence that any one has ever been here before us.' Now, what would you think of the man who with a sober face should undertake to make you believe such a story as this?"

"I should think, mother," said Edward, "that either the man was a fool himself or else he wanted to make one of me; and if I thought he was only trying to see if I were foolish enough to believe such an absurd story, I should feel right angry with him."

"Well, Edward, we will suppose again that while wandering about the grounds that surrounded the house, you should come upon a rich pasture where several

cows were feeding, and your companion were to exclaim, 'Now the mystery is all explained. Doubtless these cows came over to the island some time when the water was low and the tide out, and they built the house and laid out the garden.' "

"Why, mother," exclaimed Mary, "what a funny idea. Who would ever think of so foolish a thing as cows building a house, or laying out a garden?"

Both the children laughed heartily, and Edward said, "If the man were to tell me so, I should think he made a worse blunder than before. I would sooner believe that the house and garden grew up like the trees and bushes, than believe they were the work of a few simple cows who do not know enough to build themselves a shed to cover them when it rains; but would have to stay out in the open fields, all weathers, if we did not take pity upon them and build them sheds and barns. But, mother, I thought you were going to tell us how we may know there is a God."

“So I am, my child, and we will come back from our imaginary island to the real and beautiful world, in which we are permitted to live. Mary, do you recollect one time bringing me an acorn and asking what it was?”

“Yes, mother, and I remember you told me that all the great oaks in the woods beyond the meadow sprung from just such little acorns.”

“Yes, my dear, and how wonderful it is that such giant trees should grow from a little acorn. First the acorn drops into the ground; after a while it swells and throws out little sprouts; these find their way above the ground, and first you see a little twig, then a bush, then a young and tender tree, but it grows and continues growing until it becomes a large tree with wide spreading branches and an enormous trunk. There it stands for ages, or perhaps it is cut down and hewn into timber and forms a part of the strong and majestic ship which rides out many a storm on the

mighty deep. Now, who makes the powerful oak to grow from the little acorn?"

"God makes it grow, mother," said Mary.

"Are oak trees all that God had made to grow, Mary?"

"Oh, no, mother, he has made all the trees and the flowers and every thing; he has also made the sun and the moon and the stars."

"Very true, my child; yet those who say there is no God, declare there is no great Being who has made all these things, but that they come somehow by a kind of chance."

"Why, mother, that would be pretty much like the man trying to make me believe that the house and garden and orchard grew on the island by chance, and no one had ever been there," said Edward.

"Oh yes, it would," said Mary, "and that was what mother meant by the story of your going to the island. She meant to show us that those who say there is no God are like

the man who should try to make you believe that the house had not been built by any one."

"Yes," said Edward, "and now, mother, I have found out how we know there is a God."

"How, my son?"

"Why, just as I should know there had been men on the island, though I did not see them. So long as I saw the house and garden and orchard, I should know that somebody had been there if I did not see any one, and no one could convince me there had not; so, though I cannot see God, I cannot open my eyes without seeing a great many things he has made; and I know there must be a God to make all these things."

"Yes, Edward, you have made out an unanswerable reason for believing there is a God. But let us look at some of the things he has made. Mary, will you take that vase of flowers from the shelf and put them down here on the table? Now, my

children, did you ever see any thing made by man that was so beautiful and displayed such a rich variety of shades and colors as this bunch of flowers?"

"No, mother," said Edward, "how beautiful they are."

"Do you remember, Mary," said her mother, "when I sowed the seeds last spring?"

"Yes, mother; it did not seem as if those little dry seeds could ever produce such beautiful flowers, but I knew they would, for I remembered they did last summer."

"First," said her mother, "you saw two little leaves come up out of the ground; these rapidly grew to be quite a plant; then the plant budded and the buds opened and these beautiful flowers appeared. Now, when the leaves of the flowers are fallen off, there will remain just such little seeds as I sowed last spring. These we can preserve for another spring and have similar flowers every summer. Now, Mary, could you make a plant to grow from a

little seed, and bud and blossom and then form a seed that might be sowed and produce just such another plant the next summer?"

"Why, no, mother, I could do no such thing."

"Well, could your father or mother do it?"

"No, mother, the wisest person in the world could not do it," said Mary.

"No, all the men in the world could not do it," said Edward.

"No more than cows could build a house," said his mother.

"Not any more," said Edward, laughing.

"Now, then, just as you know that such creatures as cows cannot build a house, so we may know not only that there must be some Being to make all these things that we see, but also that this Being must be a great deal wiser and greater than man, because man could do nothing like it if he tried."

“Yes, mother, I think that is very plain,” said Edward.

“It would take us more than a lifetime,” said his mother, “to examine all the things God has made; yet every thing bears marks of his wisdom, greatness and power.”

“Mother,” said Mary, “won’t you talk to us about some other things that God has made?”

“Well, then, we will leave this world and talk about the sun and stars. Edward, does the earth stand still in the heavens?”

“No, mother, it moves round and round the sun.”

“Are there any other worlds, beside this, which move round the sun?”

“Yes, mother, quite a number.”

“Which of them is the largest?”

“Jupiter.”

“How much larger than the earth is Jupiter?”

“1400 times.”

“Only think of it, what an enormous

globe it must be. It would take 1400 of such worlds as ours to make one as large as Jupiter. But is the sun as large as Jupiter?"

"Yes, mother, and a great deal larger, for it is 1,300,000 times larger than our earth."

"Yes, it would take thirteen hundred thousand worlds as large as ours to make one world as large as the sun. We cannot form any just idea of a body of such vast size. But is the sun as much larger than the stars you see in the heavens at night when the sun is down as it looks to be?"

"No, mother, it is because the stars are so far from us that they look so small. It has been ascertained that they are all suns, like our sun, or larger."

"Yes, my child, and many thousands of those suns have been discovered by astronomers. Now, must we not conclude that the Being who could create such immense worlds and suns and keep them all in their

place in the heavens, must be an infinitely great and powerful Being?"

"Yes, mother, it must be so," said Edward.

"You would think that man very foolish who could believe that the house was not built by any one; what, then, would you think of the man who could look around him upon the sun, moon and stars; upon the mountains, forests, trees and flowers; upon the beasts, birds and fishes and especially upon himself, his own body so fearfully and wonderfully made, and his still more wonderful soul, that can think and feel, love and hate, joy and sorrow, and yet turn around and tell you there is no God, no Being, great, and wise, and good, who has created all these things, and who continually watches over and takes care of them?"

"Mother, I should think such a man more foolish than the man who should say that the house grew up by chance, and

no person had been upon the island," said Edward.

"You may turn, Mary, to the 14th Psalm and see what the Bible calls those who say there is no God."

Mary read, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

"There," said Edward, "the Bible calls those fools who say there is no God, and I should think they ought to be so called. But, mother, what does it mean by saying the fool hath said '*in his heart*' there is no God?"

"You would think, should you not, that any one might *know* better than to deny such a truth as the existence of a God?"

"Yes, mother, I certainly should, if they had any reason, or common sense."

"Well, Edward, it is not their reason that leads them to believe there is no God; their reason, if they would use it right, would soon convince them there was a God. But they know if there is a God, so great, so wise, so good, who has made them and

every thing beside, that he has a perfect right to them and to every thing he has made; their reason and conscience both tell them he has a perfect right to command them to love and obey him, and also a right to punish them if they do not; but they do not wish to love and obey him, so their wicked hearts try to believe there is no such Being, and to persuade their understandings there is none. They think if they can only make out there is no God, they can then sin without fear of punishment. This, I suppose, is what the Bible means by saying the fool hath said in *his heart* there is no God."

After this conversation Edward thought much more about God than he had ever done before. He seemed to feel, when he saw the trees and flowers, as if God were all about him. He had often been told that God was everywhere, but somehow he never *felt* it before. When he went out in the morning to examine his garden and found that the buds of yesterday were ful

blown flowers to-day, he would think God is here causing these plants to grow and these buds to blossom. But these thoughts made him very uneasy and unhappy. He knew that he sometimes did wrong, and felt wrong. He could not like to think that the holy God who hated sin was ever about his path, looking at his heart and seeing all his actions. When he found that it made him unhappy to think about God, this also disturbed him. He thought, "if I loved God, should I not love to think of him and feel that he is ever near me?" These thoughts made him sad much of the time for several days. At length, when his mother was at leisure to converse with them, Edward began the conversation by saying:—

"How can we know, mother, whether we love God or not?"

"You have asked a very important question, my dear son, for God has commanded us to love him. He is worthy of all our love, and we can neither be safe or

happy so long as we do not love him; but we may find out if we do love him just as we determine whether or not we love any other person. Are you at all at loss to know whether you love your mother or not?"

"Oh no, mother, I *know* I love you," said Edward.

"Indeed we know it," said Mary, as she drew nearer to her mother's side and pressed her hand to her lips.

"Well, if you love me, I suppose you give some signs of it in some way," said their mother, smiling. "Can't you think of some proof or evidence that you love me?"

Mary thought a moment and then said, "We love to be with you mother. Is not that one proof?"

"Certainly it is, my dear."

"Father can testify," said Edward laughing, "that we give this proof of love. He says that if mother happens to be missing when we come from school, nothing is

to be heard but—where is mother?—where is mother?”

Their mother smiled too, and said, “We will examine this proof of love before you bring forward any more. If we love any person we shall love to be with them and enjoy their society. Now, if we love God, we shall love to think of him, to realize that he is about our path and watching over us at all times; we shall love to think of him very often. Now, if you could not bear to think of a person, if you could never do so without making yourself unhappy, if you never wished to be in his company, if you could avoid it, would not this be good evidence that you did not love him, and even more, that you disliked or hated him?”

“I should think it would, mother,” said Mary.

“Well, then, if it makes a person unhappy to think of God, and he finds no pleasure in the thought that God is near him at all times, it is a sign that he does not love

him, but that he has that carnal heart that is enmity to God, and he must have a new heart before he can truly love God."

These remarks made Edward very uneasy; indeed, his conscience had for several days been convicting him of want of love to God because he did not like to think of him, and now his mother's remarks, though she did not know the state of his mind, tended to increase this conviction, but Edward was unwilling to come to the conclusion that he did not love God. He therefore tried to take some other view of the subject, which would give him more encouragement. So, when his mother paused, he said, "But, mother, if a child reads his Bible and prays, if he obeys his parents and tries to do right, are not these things some proof that he loves God?"

His mother replied, "A child may do these things *because* he loves God, or he may do them for some other and very different reason. Two persons may do the

same thing from *very different* motives. Do you understand this, Edward?"

"Not quite, mother."

"Well, then, I will suppose a case which I hope will make it clear, for I am very desirous that you should understand this subject. We will suppose that five little boys are going to school together one fine pleasant morning in October. They are met by two other boys who accost them, saying, 'Now, boys, I hope you are not going to shut yourselves up in that dull school room this pleasant morning. Come, go with us. There was a hard frost to open the burs last night, and we are going to gather chestnuts.' Some of the boys hesitate, for they too love nuts, and they have been thinking it was almost too pleasant to go to school; but very soon Robert replies, 'I would go, but I am afraid father would find it out, and if he should I should just get a good whipping.' 'Will you go, James?' 'No, I shan't go; I am at the head of my class, and if I go I shall lose

my place.' They then turn to John. 'You will go, John?' 'No,' says John, 'Bill Davis knocked me down, last night, and run off; I am going to school and I'll see if I don't get a chance to pay him for it before noon.' 'Well, William will go?' 'No,' says William, 'not I; I would not grieve my mother so much for all the world.' They then turn to George, hoping they may secure him, but he replies, 'No, it would be very wrong to go, and I shall do no such thing.' 'But your mother lives a mile from here and she would never know it.' 'I know,' says George, 'that she need never know it, but God would know it, and I would not sin against him.' So they all go on to school, and leave the nuts for the boys who choose to play the truant. Now, here are five boys who all do the thing that is right, but each one has a different motive for doing so. What was the motive that induced Robert to do right?"

"The fear of punishment, mother," said Mary, "I do not think he deserved much

credit for going to school, for he owned he would have gone to gather nuts if he had not feared his father would punish him."

"What was James' motive?"

"It was ambition, mother," said Edward.

"And John; what was his motive, Edward?"

"Revenge, mother, which I am sure was a wicked motive."

"Then it seems John had a *wicked motive* for performing a *right action*. This shows that people may do things that are right, and yet be led to do them from *wrong* motives. What was William's motive?"

"I should think it was love for his mother," said Mary.

"You are right, my dear. Well, now we have come to the last one—George—what was his motive?"

"Was it not love to God, mother?" said Edward.

"Yes, my child, it would seem so, for you see his answer resembled that of Jo-

seph when he was tempted to commit sin :
‘ How can I do this great wickedness, and
sin against God ? ’ ”

“ But, mother,” said Mary, “ I think William’s motive was a good one. I like him because he was not willing to grieve his dear mother.”

“ He certainly did right to regard his mother’s feelings ; all good children who love God will obey their parents and strive to please them, not only because they love them, but also because God has commanded them to do so. Perhaps William never thought of God, or cared for his commands ; he might only have thought of his mother. If he had not had a mother whom he was unwilling to grieve, he might have been ready to do wrong, and leave his school to gather nuts. You see, my dear children, that the God of the Bible looks right at your hearts. His first command to you is, Give me thy heart—that is *love* me—and then pray, and read your Bible, and obey your parents, *because* you love me, and wish to

keep my commandments. If you do all these outward acts that are right, and yet do not love God, he will be very angry with you for disobeying his first and great command, which is, 'Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.' You cannot please God until you obey this great command, whatever else you may do. Do you think, Edward, that you could please me, if you were very industrious in your work and studies, and very kind and obliging to your sister Mary, and to others, while all the time you cared nothing about me, and neither loved me or thought of trying to please me? I should be justly displeased with you while you manifested such a disposition even though you were to do many things that were right, should I not?"

"Yes, mother, I am sure you would."

"Yet this would only be treating me as you treat God, while you refuse to love

him and make it the business of your life to serve him."

After this conversation Edward was quite convinced that he did not love God; but as this unwelcome conviction took possession of his mind, he became more and more wretched. It was not long before he found an opportunity of again conversing with his mother. He began the conversation by saying:—

"Mother, I do not now think I have loved God, or done any thing from a real desire to please him, but since you talked with us about it the other day, I have thought I would try to do every thing from this motive, but—I don't know, mother, how to express what I mean—but I can't—"

"I think, my son, I know what you would say. You mean that you cannot find any pleasure or satisfaction in trying thus to serve God, but the more you endeavor to so do, the more wretched you become."

“Yes, mother, that is just what I wanted to say.”

“Well, my son, I can tell you the reason why it is so; it is because you do not love God. We may fear the displeasure, but it is impossible for us to delight in the approbation of a being we do not love. So long as you do not love God it is impossible that you should find *pleasure* or *satisfaction* in trying to please him. Some think they love God because they often try to do right through fear of the punishment he has threatened to inflict upon those who do not obey him, or with the hope of securing heaven by their efforts to do right. But if such persons would honestly attempt to serve God from a simple desire to please him, they would soon find that they had no heart at all to serve God from this motive.”

“But, mother, ought we not to fear the punishment God has threatened?”

“Certainly, my child, but if this is your *only* reason for doing right, do you not re-

seem the boy who refused to leave his school *only* because he was afraid his father would punish him?"

"I am afraid, mother, I have been some like this boy."

"I hope, my son, that God by his Spirit is showing you something of the wickedness of your heart, and that you cannot love and serve him without a new heart."

"But, mother, how shall I obtain this new heart?"

"You must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, who came down to this world and died for just such sinners as you are; that is, for those who are enemies to God, and have no heart to love and serve him. He came down and died that he might reconcile such enemies, or in other words, give them new hearts that would love and obey God. This is what the Bible declares when addressing those who have become thus reconciled: 'Ye who were once enemies and alienated in your minds by wicked works, yet now hath he (that is,

Jesus Christ,) reconciled.' Go to him then, my son, and pray to him to forgive all your sins, especially the dreadful sin of not loving him, and to reconcile you to God, or give you that new heart that finds *delight* in loving and obeying God."

"But, mother, when I try to pray it seems as if it were of no use; it seems as if God were a great way off, almost as if there were no God, and my heart is as hard and cold as a stone."

"All those who do not love God the Bible describes as being a great way off from him in their feelings and affections; but it also says that such may be brought nigh by the blood of Christ. If you should thus ever be brought nigh, my dear son, God would not seem a great way off when you prayed to him, but he would seem very near, and ready to hear and answer your prayers, just as your father and mother are ready to hear and grant your requests when you come to them. The Bible says, draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you; but

remember, Edward, that you must draw nigh to him by believing in his Son, Jesus Christ.

“Suppose you were the subjects of a certain great king and that with several others you had agreed that you would not obey him and had laid a plan to take his life; but your plot is discovered and the king is about to order you to be taken and put in prison, and kept there until such time as he shall think proper to bring you out and put you to death for your treason against him; but before the king gives the order to arrest you, a certain nobleman in the court, who is the greatest man in the kingdom, and the best beloved by the king, becomes interested for you. He goes to the king, saying, ‘I wish these men could be pardoned.’ But the king replies, ‘This would never do. What would become of my laws? Were I to pardon these men, all my subjects would conclude that they might break them without fear of punishment.’ But the nobleman replies, ‘I will

do or suffer any thing to secure their pardon. I beg you to condemn me to ten years' imprisonment and hard labor, and then for *my sake* pardon them. As they are poor and obscure subjects, while I am the greatest man in the kingdom, your subjects will fear to break your laws, when they find that I have been imprisoned that it might answer for you to pardon them, even more than they would do were you to put all of these men to death.' The king at last consents to these terms. He issues a proclamation, saying that all of you who have rebelled against him may be pardoned, if you will go to this nobleman and get him to accompany you to his palace, and intercede in your behalf; but those who will not thus come must be put to death. We will suppose that your companions comply with these terms. The nobleman intercedes for them, and they are pardoned for his sake. But you say, 'I will have nothing to do with the nobleman, but will go myself to the king, and tell him I am sorry for what

I have done, and ask his forgiveness.' Accordingly you go to the palace, but you find the doors, and gates, locked and barred against you. You call and knock for admittance, but the king will take no notice of you, and commands his servants not to answer or regard you.

"Now do you think it would be strange for the king to treat you thus, when you attempted to enter his presence in this manner?"

"No, mother, I should think he was very forbearing if he did not command his servants to seize me and carry me to prison at once."

"Well, my son, Jesus Christ is the great Mediator between God and us sinful beings, who have broken his holy laws. It was necessary for God's own Son, equal with Him in power and majesty—The brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person—to come to this world, and suffer and die, that God might, while he pardoned the sinner, show to the

universe how he hated sin, and how he loved his righteous and holy law which the sinner had broken.

“As we have supposed that you could not approach the king except by going to this nobleman, and obtaining his intercession; so Edward you cannot approach the God against whom you have rebelled, only through his Son, Jesus Christ, and by faith in him. Go then, my dear son, to Jesus Christ, the Friend of sinners, and ask him to pardon your sins, and give you a new heart.”

“But, mother, how shall I go to him?”

“I will relate to you a story, which will help you to understand what I mean by going to Christ, or believing in him.

“The father of a little girl between two and three years old, whose name was Mary, one day opened a trap-door, that is a door made in the floor, and went down into his cellar. Mary went close to the door, and said,—

“‘Father, are you there?’

“ ‘Yes, my dear, I am here. Does Mary want to come?’

“ ‘It is dark, Father, I can’t see you.’

“ ‘Well, throw yourself down, and I will catch you in my arms. You need not be afraid, for I am right here, I will not let you fall.’

“ Mary hesitated a moment, then jumped down; and when she found herself in her Father’s arms, she exclaimed, ‘I *knew* Father you would not let me fall.’

“ Now Mary believed her Father. Though it was dark and she could not see him, she had faith in his promise that he would not let her fall. Now this shows how you must believe in the Saviour of sinners. Though your mind may be darker than the cellar into which Mary looked to find her Father; and you may say, It does not seem as if Christ would receive me, if I do go to him, yet you must feel, he has promised to save me if I will believe on him. I know he will do every thing he

has promised, and I will trust his promise, and cast myself into his arms.

“It is time now, my son, for you to retire. But won’t you remember when you enter your room, that Christ is as able and willing to save you to-night, as ever he will be. He says to all, ‘Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.’”

After Edward had retired to his chamber, he thought over all his mother had said to him. He thought to himself, I will try to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and go to God through him. But his mind was all darkness and confusion. He thought, Well might mother compare my mind to the dark cellar into which Mary looked. But at length the thought occurred to him, If my mother had made me a promise, and I would not believe her, she would be more displeased with me for doubting her word, than for almost any thing else I could do. How very wrong then it must be for me, when Jesus Christ has promised he will not cast me out, if I come to him, not to

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believe his word. At this thought his heart began to melt. Then he knelt down and prayed to Jesus to pardon all his sins, and give him a new heart, that should delight in loving and serving God all the rest of his days. While he was offering up this petition, it did not seem to him, as it had done, that it was of no use to pray. But his whole heart went out with his petition. After this he felt calm, and peaceful, and soon fell into a quiet sleep.

The next morning as soon as he awoke, he recalled all that passed the night before. His first thought was—I don't see how I could help believing the Saviour, when he told me in his Holy Word that he would save all who were willing to come to him.

As soon as his mother found time to converse with him, he said to her—

“Mother, you do not know how differently every thing seems to me from what it did yesterday.”

“How differently, my son?”

“Why yesterday it did not seem as if I

ever could, or should, love God. But now I wonder how I, or any one, can *help* loving him. I then thought it was hard for God to punish us for not loving him, if we tried to do right. But now, mother, it seems so right, that we should love God, and so right that God should require us to love him. I wonder it never seemed so to me before. It is all perfectly plain now; and not to love God appears the greatest of sins."

His mother rejoiced when she heard Edward thus describe the *change* in his feelings and views. She hoped that his heart had been changed by the grace of God,—that from being an enemy, he had become a friend, and would henceforth delight in loving, and serving, the great and blessed God. But she did not tell him so. She remembered that the Bible says the tree is known by its fruits. She gave him such instruction as she thought best adapted to his state of mind; knowing that if he had truly began to love God, his

future character and conduct would give evidence of the change.

After this conversation with his mother, there was quite a change apparent, to the watchful observer, in Edward. He appeared to be actuated by a *new motive* in all he did. This change quite puzzled Mary. There seemed to be a difference between herself and Edward, such as there used not to be—but the nature of this difference she did not understand. Mary had never been convinced of the natural wickedness of her heart. Notwithstanding her mother's faithful instructions, she continued to think that if she only did about right, the motive which led her to do so, was of little consequence.

She would say to herself I pray, and read the Bible, and obey my parents, as well as Edward. Her conscience indeed told her, that she was not quite so much afraid of doing little things that were wrong, as was Edward; and that she did not think so much about God, or love so

well to hear her mother talk about Him, as he seemed to do. Yet still Edward sometimes did things that were wrong. He certainly was not perfect, and after all she did not see what great difference there was between them.

Some time after the events last related, Mary came from school one night, and entering the room where her mother was, said, "Mother, can you tell me what is the meaning of probation?"

"Why, my child, have you heard the word used this afternoon?"

"Yes, mother, we girls agreed, last night after school, that we would request our teacher to lengthen our recess five minutes. This morning we went to her with our petition. We told her we thought we should study better the rest of the day, if she would allow us a little longer time to run about, and jump the rope. Our teacher said she would take until night to consider about it, and she would then let us know what was her decision. Just

before school was out she said to us—
‘Girls, I have concluded to put you on probation for one week. During this time I will allow you a recess of fifteen minutes, instead of ten. If I find at the end of the week that in return for this indulgence you are more diligent and studious during study hours, you shall have a recess of fifteen minutes the remainder of the term. But if I find you are not, I shall limit you again to ten minutes.’

“I should think, Mary, that you would understand the meaning of the word from the manner in which your teacher used it. But, perhaps you may not be able to express it in words.”

“Yes, mother, that is it. I think I know what she meant by it; but I don’t know how to express the meaning.”

“Well, Mary, probation means trial. Your teacher meant that she was going to try you for one week, and see if you would fulfill your promise, to be more diligent and studious, did she not?”

"Yes, mother, that was what she meant."

"Did you never hear life called a state of probation?"

"I have very often," said Edward.

"What do you suppose is meant by this?"

"I suppose," said Edward, "it means that this life is a state of trial. That God will try us while we live in this world, to see whether we will love and obey him or not."

"Yes, Edward, that is what we mean when we call life a probation. Next week, Mary, will be but a small portion of your term. Yet if I understand you, it is your conduct *then*, which is to decide whether you have ten, or fifteen minutes' recess during all the remainder of the term."

"Yes, mother, that was what our teacher told us."

"So it is, my dear children, with this life. It is very short indeed in comparison with the long, long ages of eternity, during

which we are to exist. But yet our character and conduct during this brief life, will decide whether we are to be holy and happy, or sinful and wretched, through a long and never ending eternity."

"How solemn the thought, mother, that so much depends on this short life," said Edward.

"It is indeed a solemn thought," replied his mother. "I will suppose a case which will help further to illustrate this subject. Suppose a certain benevolent gentleman of great wealth, should determine to take a number of poor boys, who were either orphans, or the children of parents so miserably degraded that they were suffering their children to grow up in ignorance and wretchedness. He resolves to take a number of such destitute children, provide for all their wants, and give them the best education the country will afford; that they may be fitted for the highest stations in society. Accordingly he selects a number of such children, feeds and clothes

them; erects a school-house; provides an excellent teacher, and then says to them—
‘Now, boys, you shall attend this school three months, on trial, or probation. If during this time you prove good scholars—if you are diligent in your studies, and obedient to the rules of the school, and give satisfaction by your conduct, I will pledge myself for the future to be your friend and patron. I will give all those who thus conduct a thorough education, which will enable them to fill the highest stations in society with honor and usefulness. But if on the other hand any of you prove unruly and disobedient, I shall have no more to do with you, but shall send you back to the places from which I took you.’

“Now you see in this case that every thing would depend on their conduct during these three months. If they are diligent and obedient during this time, the gentleman is pledged after this to carry them through their studies, which perhaps may occupy many years. But if on the other


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hand they are disobedient, and neglect their studies, they will be sent away, probably to spend their days in ignorance and wretchedness, and perhaps to end them in prison, or on the gallows. Now should you not call these three months the most important period of their lives?"

"Yes, mother," said Edward, "I am sure I should, for every thing depends upon their conduct then."

"I am sure," said Mary, "these boys would be very foolish, if, for the sake of a little sport, or to have their own way, during these short three months, they should lose all this gentleman had promised them on condition they would be good."

"We will now suppose that one of these boys neglects his studies, and is unruly and disobedient during the first month—but then begins to reflect upon the folly of his conduct. He says to himself how unwise it is for me to neglect the present and only opportunity, and by my thoughtless-

ness and folly deprive myself of the future advantages which it is now in my power to secure by being studious and obedient, and condemn myself to a life of ignorance, and poverty. Accordingly he resolves for the future to be diligent, and obedient—and during the remainder of the term gives perfect satisfaction by his good conduct. Do you think it would be too late for him to secure the favor of his patron?"

"I should think not mother," said Edward. "I should think the gentleman would forgive him for what he had done the first month, if after that he tried to do right."

"Yes, we may reasonably suppose that he would. But now suppose he should continue his disobedience, and neglect of his books during all the three months, and after being dismissed for his bad conduct, should then begin to regret it, and bitterly repent of having deprived himself of the advantages he might have enjoyed. Would

his sorrow, and regret, do him any good then ?”

“No, mother,” said Edward, “it would not. His time of trial would be over, and his repentance would come too late.”

“Just so it is with the probation God has given us. Now if we find we are wasting this probation; that we are living in sin and disobeying God’s holy laws—we may repent, and change our course. Great changes in character may, and often do take place in this world. If any of us are God’s enemies, we may become his friends; if we will repent and believe on his Son Jesus Christ, He will forgive us for what we have already done, and not remember it against us. But it will not always be so. Soon our time of probation will be over. Life will close, and if we have wasted it, then it will be too late to repent. As Edward remarked about the boy; our time of trial will be over, and it will be of no avail then for us to repent of what we have done. I wish you to bear in mind,

my dear children, that your characters may change in this world, but they cannot change in eternity. If you are holy when you enter eternity, you will be holy still, and holy forever. But if you are unholy then, you will be unholy forever.

“There is one particular in the case I have supposed of these boys who were put on trial, which does not resemble our condition as probationers for eternity. The length of their time of trial was known to them. They knew precisely when it would terminate. But we do not know when our day of trial will end. We do not know but the moral character we possess to-day, will be our character through eternity; for none of us know but our probation may close to-day. What madness then for one who knows that his heart has not been changed, and he is not prepared to die, to refuse to listen when God calls to him saying, ‘Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.’

“But there is another view of this sub-

ject which I wish you to understand. God not only gives us a probation, that we may have an opportunity to decide the question whether or not we will love, and obey him. But during this probation he tries us in ways designed to show us what is our true character. Perhaps you do not quite understand this; but I will try to make it plain. Mary, what does the Bible say about the deceitfulness of the human heart?"

"It says, mother, that the heart is deceitful above all things."

"Yes, Mary, and these deceitful hearts are constantly deceiving us about our own character and the motives of our actions. They are trying to make us think we are better than we really are. Children are often deceived in this way. They have pious parents perhaps, who have instructed them very carefully. They have been so well trained, they do not think of disobeying their parents, or telling falsehoods, or breaking the Sabbath, as they know many

children do. Therefore they conclude they are much better than other children. They think they do none of these things because they are so good, and love God, and wish to do right. But by and by God tries them in some way which shows them they are not quite so good as they supposed. I will take your own case my dear children for an illustration. You know you have been so carefully trained, and watched over that you have had but little temptation to commit many of the sins of which some other children are guilty. You have always known that you were sure to secure the approbation of your parents by doing right ; and to incur their displeasure by doing wrong. Now this would be motive sufficient to lead you to do many things that were right, even if there were no such Being as an holy God who had commanded you to do them. But God you know, looks at the heart. He cannot be satisfied with any outward acts which do not proceed from love to Him. Now it will

be very easy for you in your present circumstances to deceive yourselves as to your real motives. But you will not always, my dear children, remain in your present situation. By and by God will probably in some way try and prove you, to show you whether you really love him or not. Perhaps you will leave the parental roof—or your parents may be taken from you by death. You will go out into the world and find yourselves surrounded by temptations to do wrong, such as now you do not even dream of. It would not be strange if instead of securing approbation by doing right, you should be placed among those whom you would please only by doing wrong. These or similar trials will bring out your real character. If your ruling motive is to please God, you can see that this great motive will always remain; God will be with you wherever you are. If your great motive is to please and obey Him, you will obey his commandments whatever others may think or say. But if

you only wish to secure the approbation of your fellow men, you will not continue to do right long, when you meet with discouragement and opposition."

Among Mary's school companions was one whom she had chosen as her particular friend. Nor was this friendship a transient one. Mary could not recollect the time when she did not love this dear companion better than any one beside, except her father, and mother, and brother Edward. Soon after the conversation last related, her little friend suddenly sickened, and died. Never before had the circle around which Mary's affections clustered, been invaded by the great destroyer, or she been called to look upon the new made grave as the resting place of one she loved. It was the first great grief her childhood had known. Who has ever forgotten the *first* approach of the grim messenger to the circle hallowed by love and affection, especially if that first fearful impression was stamped



upon the mind during the tender, and susceptible period of childhood.

The impression produced by this event upon Mary's mind was not a transient one. Her thoughts followed the departed one to the world of spirits—and the question would constantly recur to her mind—If I had been taken instead of my friend—where should I now have been? But to her, death was the king of terrors—and the subject upon which her thoughts seemed forced to dwell was a most gloomy, and unwelcome one. About this time she brought home from the Sabbath school library a book containing an account of the happy death of a little girl not far from her own age.

“Mother,” said Mary one day when she had been reading this book, “I do not see how it can be possible for me to be so willing to die, as was the little girl I have been reading about. It must be so sad to leave all one's dear friends, and lie down

in the cold grave." Edward was standing by his sister, and replied—

"If, Mary, you had been spending some weeks at uncle James', do you think you would be unwilling to come home if father were to send for you?"

"No, Edward, I do not think I should, for I love father, mother, and yourself, better than any one beside, and I should wish to come home and see you."

"Well, then, if we love God better than we do our friends, shall we not cheerfully leave them to go and dwell with him when he calls us?"

Mary was silent, for she found in her heart no response to the sentiment Edward had uttered. She had always supposed she wished to go to heaven, when she thought any thing about it; because she had been taught to believe it was a happy place. But the wish to go there because God was there, was a wish that never entered Mary's heart. How could she wish to dwell in the presence of a being

she did not love ; and there was no love to the great and blessed God in Mary's heart.

"The Bible teaches us, Mary," said her mother, "how to live so as to be willing to die. It admonishes us to lay up our treasures in heaven, and then we shall wish to go there—for where our treasure is there our hearts will be also."

Some glimpses of the real state of her heart as alienated from God, and opposed to his righteous, and holy law, began to dawn upon Mary's mind. But she did not love to view herself in this light, and therefore endeavored to drive from her these unwelcome convictions. Clinging to the favorable views she had ever been ready to entertain of her own character, she comforted herself with the resolution to read her Bible more, to pray more frequently, and try harder than ever to do about right. But the Spirit of God was beginning to show her something of the extent and spirituality of his holy law ; and the more she strove to put in execution the

resolutions she had formed, the more wretched and dissatisfied with herself she became.

One day she said to her mother—"Mother, do not those who love God sometimes do wrong?"

"Yes, my child, and those who do not love God sometimes perform right actions. But the difference is, one does right from right motives, or from love to God, and the other does not. The one who loves God is sorry for having done wrong, because by so doing he has displeased his best Friend; but the other is sorry for very different reasons—such as the fear of punishment, or of the remorse suffered in consequence of the reproaches of conscience.

"The obedience of the one, though not perfect, is constant, and habitual, proceeding from a hearty love to the character, and service of God. The obedience of the other is a mere outward act, in which the affections of the heart have no share."

"But, mother, you make the motive of so

much importance, one would almost think it was of no consequence what we did if our motive was only right."

"I present the motive as of such great importance, Mary, because though it is quite possible to perform right actions from wrong motives, the reverse of this is not possible, that is, if our motive is right, we cannot do wrong knowing it to be wrong. The tree is known by its fruits. Suppose a child should talk a great deal about his love for his parents, and yet never obey them, or try to please them. Do you think he would convince any one that he loved his parents?"

"Certainly not," said Mary, "if he loved them, he would obey them."

"Very true, and it is equally true that if we love God we shall obey him."

"But, mother, is love to God just such a feeling as we exercise when we love others?"

"Love, my dear, is substantially the same emotion whatever be its object, although

subject to many modifications, according to the station and character of those we love, and the relations they bear to us. For instance, your emotions are similar, or indeed essentially the same when you love Edward as when you love your parents, are they not?"

"Yes, mother."

"Yet there is a feeling of deference, and respect mingled with your love to your parents, because of the relation they sustain towards you; such as you do not feel towards Edward. As God is incomparably greater and more glorious than any other being, if we love him, one proof we shall give of this love will be a feeling of awe and reverence for him, such as we have for no other being. But many proofs we shall give of loving him will be just such proofs as we give of loving any one."

"We delight in the society of those we love; and if we love God, we shall delight to feel that we are in his presence. We shall love to commune with him in prayer."

We find great delight in pleasing those we love, and if we love God we shall find great delight in pleasing him."

"But, mother, how can I certainly know whether I am actuated by love to God, or by some other motive when I perform right actions—for instance, whether I wish to please him, or only to secure your approbation by my correct conduct?"

"With hearts so deceitful as those we possess, it is not easy to decide with certainty upon the character of our motives. But it may help you to decide this great question, to inquire in what light you view those sins which are unknown to your fellow men. Do you feel as much distressed about those sins which are known only to God—such as neglect of prayer, ingratitude in view of the mercies received from your heavenly Father—want of love to him, and delight in his service, as you do in view of those sins which come under the observation of your fellow men, and meet with their displeasure. Love to God

is an ever-present motive; and will lead to as sincere sorrow for those sins of heart known only to him as for those overt acts which come to the knowledge of our fellow men."

After this conversation Mary endeavored to expel from her heart every other motive, and to act from the simple motive her mother had presented, as actuating every true christian, a desire to love and serve God. But she soon found she had no heart for such service, and her attempts to perform duty from this motive were inexpressibly irksome. When she found an opportunity to converse with her mother alone, she began to say—

"Mother, it seems—"—here she stopped as if unable, or unwilling to finish the sentence.

"Why do you not go on Mary?" said her mother.

"Because, mother, I was going to say that it seemed as if religion would make one very gloomy, and unhappy. But I feared



you would think me very wicked to say so—especially when I have reason to think it makes my dear father, and mother, and Edward so happy. But I only mean it does not seem as if it would make me happy.”

“Why not Mary? Why should not the same thing that makes others happy, make you happy also?”

“I don’t know mother—but it don’t make me happy when I try to serve God.”

“Well, Mary, the reason of this is very plain. You have been trying to serve God without giving him your heart. You can readily see how hard and disagreeable you would find it to be compelled to serve an enemy, one whom you disliked. Yet this is the state of your heart towards God. No wonder then you find no pleasure in attempting to serve him. But this Mary is not religion. This forced unwilling service is not what God requires, neither will he accept it. The service he requires is heart-service; and we all know how cheerfully

we do a thing when our hearts are in it. Did you ever work more cheerfully than when you were doing something to gratify your mother?"

"Oh no, indeed, I am always ready to do any thing to gratify my dear mother."

"Those, Mary, who think religion melancholy, do not know what true religion is. Religion is serving God from the heart; cheerfully, joyfully, and how is it possible that such religion can render one unhappy! The more we have of such religion as this, the more joyful we shall be."

"But do Christians always love and serve God in this manner?"

"Not always, Mary, for they are not perfect. They are sanctified but in part, and carry some of the remains of their corrupt nature with them, even to the grave; and so far as this corrupt nature prevails, it will disincline them to the love and service of God. But they have just so much of true holiness as they have of this hearty love to God and his service, and no more."

“But, mother, I did not use to think religion was what you describe it to be ; I thought it was something very different.”

“Very many make the same mistake. They think religion is doing certain things to secure the pardon of their sins, and purchase heaven—and they set about what they think necessary to accomplish this in the same spirit that the Roman Catholic performs his penance, and for the same purpose—to purchase the pardon of sin. Their hearts are not in these duties. They do not love to perform them any more than the Catholic loves to perform his penance. In both cases it is a matter of compulsion, not of choice.”

“But, mother, if I do not love God what can I do ?”

“Your heart must be changed, or in other words you must be born again. The Bible describes those who have become Christians as having met with a great change. Old things have passed away, and all things have become new.”

"But, mother, if I cannot love God with my present heart, why am I so much to blame; for I cannot change my heart."

"Do you remember, Mary, the circumstances connected with the only time you ever refused to obey me. You were too young to recollect it—but I think you have heard about it."

"Yes, mother, you said I threw a book down that belonged to Edward, and you were obliged to correct me twice before I would yield and take it up."

"Do you know what you said when told to take it up?"

"Yes, mother, I said I can't."

"And what do you suppose you meant by that?"

"I suppose I was so unwilling to obey that it seemed almost as if I could not."

"Do you think I did right to punish you when there was such a *cannot* in the way of your taking up the book?"

"Certainly, mother—for the only reason

why I could not was because I would not."

"Well, this is just the cannot that hinders you from loving and serving the great and blessed God. You cannot, because you will not. You are ready to love others who deserve and claim your love; but He who is infinitely lovely and worthy to be loved, you will not love. And yet, Mary, you seek to make this guilty *cannot* an excuse for not loving God."

Mary was silent for a time, for she felt the force of what her mother had said; but at length she replied—

"I can easily conceive how holy angels can feel such a love to God as you have described. But how can those who have sinned against him, serve him not only without terror but with feelings of filial love?"

"You have indeed, Mary, now asked one of the most important questions ever asked in God's universe. Before the Son of God offered himself a ransom for sinners, angels

could not have answered this question. They could not have told how a guilty sinner could approach a holy God without terror. But the blessed Gospel of the Son of God answers this question. Christ has borne our sins in his own body on the tree, and now all those who believe in him may be freely forgiven for his sake. If we are freely forgiven, we have no cause of fear. If you had offended me, but I had freely forgiven you, should I cherish any feelings towards you which would make you afraid to come into my presence?"

"No, mother, I am sure you would not."

"So God retains no anger against those he has pardoned for his Son's sake. He hates the sin, but he loves the sinner he has pardoned, as if he had never sinned. The whole plan of Gospel salvation, Mary, is calculated to produce just such love to God as I have been describing; and all who embrace this salvation will feel this love in a greater or less degree. The Bible does not require us to do certain things to obtain

the pardon of our sins; for God freely pardons the sins of those who believe in Jesus. Neither must we do these things to obtain the favor of God, or purchase a title to heaven; for God freely bestows his favor on all those who believe in his Son; and Heaven was purchased for them when his dear Son was made an offering for sin. It is plain then, Mary, that all who trust in the Saviour of sinners are immediately pardoned, and restored to the favor of God and their eternal salvation secured; and henceforth they serve God not to obtain these things, but with the joyful, glad obedience of a filial, grateful heart. They serve him from the very same motive that angels do, because they love Him, and *choose* to serve Him."

"But, mother, you make religion all joy, but the Bible says much about repentance; is there any joy in repentance. I thought repentance was sorrow for sin."

"And so it is Mary. The true penitent is so sorry for having sinned against God,

that henceforth he hates sin with all his heart. He feels towards sin in some degree as God does. It is the abominable thing which his soul hateth. Yet it were hard to tell whether there is most of joy or sorrow in true repentance. If you call it sorrow, it is such sorrow as the true penitent would not exchange for all the joys of earth. Our conversation reminds me of the beautiful answer of a deaf and dumb girl. Several deaf mutes were asked by their teacher what was the most delightful emotion we could experience. One replied love—another gratitude—another joy. But one took the pencil and wrote—repentance. Her teacher looked surprised, when she quickly added, ‘It is so sweet to be humbled before God.’ Now this is ever the feeling of the true penitent. While weeping in genuine sorrow for sin, he is ready to say—

‘Tears of such pure and deep delight,  
Ye angels ! never dimm’d your sight.’



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“When, Mary, is a child most happy? when rebelling against a kind parent, and refusing to obey him, or when deeply humbled and penitent he is shedding tears of genuine sorrow for his conduct?”

“When he is penitent certainly, mother.”

“Well, my child, should you ever exchange your present hard, bitter, and wretched feelings for the melting tenderness of true repentance, you will find it a joyful exchange. If you would get rid of your wicked heart at enmity with God, carry it to Jesus. ‘None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.’ Go to him my dear child, for he has said he will not cast out any that come to him.”

Mary was convinced that her case was too desperate to yield to any other remedy than that which God has provided in the Gospel of his Son. She felt that neither men or angels could make her heart any better, or take away its alienation from the great and blessed God. There was but one Being in the universe who could help her.

If she refused to go to him she must perish. She resolved to go and cast herself upon the mercy of God in Christ, and to adopt as the language of her heart,

“ A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall ;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.”

When again she heard her mother and Edward converse about the preciousness of the Saviour, and the peace and blessedness to be found in loving and serving him, her own heart from its inmost depths echoed back the sentiments they uttered. Her mother was permitted to hope that both her children had chosen the God of their parents to be their God and portion forever.



TRINKETS.

BY MRS. H. C. KNIGHT.

Ah, my little girl, those trinkets are not very becoming. I had rather not see that ring on your finger, and bracelet upon your arm, and necklace around your neck; they take up your attention too much; they betray a vulgar taste; they are not in harmony with the simplicity and neatness, which are the truest and most beautiful adorning for our children.

Savage and half civilized nations abound in ornaments. The Nestorian girls wear a great variety; on the top of their heads, on their ears, noses, arms, waist and ancles, are rude trinkets of every description; sometimes pieces of silver money, some-

times metals of a baser kind,—no matter what it is, provided it answers the purposes of a shining or conspicuous ornament; and these are sometimes so heavy, that the whole comes to the enormous weight of twelve pounds.

At the mission-house one evening, in a stated religious exercise, where the natives used to be present, one of the mission ladies repeated for her text, “In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with brodered hair or gold, or costly array, but with *good works*.” These words excited the attention of the natives: “It is from Bible,” they said, and upon it they began to ponder seriously. Soon after, at a marriage, which took place near the mission-house, the father would not suffer his daughter to wear her jewels at the bridal.

“This practice is contrary to the Bible, and the missionary ladies do not wear any,”

he declared, when the friends remonstrated, "No, no, the Bible has settled the matter—it is full and strong upon the point."

Yes, so it is, and if the poor Nestorians perceive it so plainly, how much more should we, and not only see it, but direct ourselves according to it.

Not long ago, an elder brother sent his mother some money with which to buy presents for his two little sisters.

"And now what shall you buy us, mother!" they both joyfully exclaimed when the letter was read. Several things were spoken of, some were books, some new games or some new article of dress!

"A grand way to add to our library," said one.

"But, mother, what do *you* say?" asked the other.

"Why, I am thinking," answered the mother, "that you had better buy a couple of handsome rings.

"Why, what would be the *use* of them?"

asked one after a short pause, looking a little disappointed.

“Use!” exclaimed the other, “why, they will look so pretty on our hands!”

“They will be so durable,” said the mother, “you want your brother’s gift to last, don’t you?”

“Oh, yes, we want it to last,”—and so the purchase was settled upon, though the little girl could have argued that a good and beautiful book to her library, might have lasted as long as she would need it, besides the probability that it might exert over her, and many others, a useful and happy influence. The little girls now wear their rings. The mother’s decision surprised me, for she is a Christian mother,—not perhaps that she had done wrong, or disobeyed an express command; but she certainly acted quite contrary to the true principles of Christian nurture, which teaches us to give as little prominence as possible to outward adorning; the dress of

Christian children should be regulated by simplicity, modesty, neatness, economy and good taste; more than this is liable to ensnare the youthful heart; enticing it towards objects, fitted to excite vanity, fondness for show, and the spirit of a tempting and giddy world. Ah, there are subjects of more value and deeper interest, and capable of giving far greater delight than the love of dress, though it would seem, if we judge by some young ladies, that this was enough in itself to occupy one's whole existence. But it is not so; it is a poor way of living to make dress and display the aim of life; if you do, you are sure to find yourself restless, dissatisfied and unhappy, perhaps without knowing why. The cause of it lies in the fact that you are trying to palm off upon your soul, pursuits and objects, unworthy of its high destiny. It grows restive and shows very plainly that it is not satisfied. It is so easy to live below, far below, the aims and duties which the Father of our

spirits assigns to us, should we not avoid as carefully as possible cherishing any taste, which exposes our girls to the flatteries and frivolities of gay and fashionable life!

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THE END.  
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